

THE
PERSONAL INFLUENCE
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A SERMON

PREACHED

On the National Fast-Day, Thursday, June 1st, 1865,

BY

ERSKINE N. WHITE,

PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW-ROCHELLE, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

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PERSONAL INFLUENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"So he fed them according to the integrity of his heart; and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands."—Psalm 78 : 72.

IN accordance with the proclamation of the President, we have met here to-day that, "with our fellow-citizens, assembled in their respective places of worship, we may unite in solemn service to Almighty God in memory of the good man who has been removed, so that all may be occupied at the same time in contemplation of his virtues, and in sorrow for his sudden and violent end."

It is not with us to-day, as it was upon that sad Easter Sunday when our joy was turned into mourning, for all excitement and violence of emotion have passed away, and the country no longer trembles with the deep sob which was the first spontaneous utterance of a stricken people. The obsequies are over, the days of formal mourning are ended, the public life of the nation is again moving onward in its stately course, and now, just as the spring-flowers are blossoming upon the new-made grave, we pause again to speak more

calmly of the debt that the country owes to ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This, then, is primarily a day of commemoration, a day in which sorrow and thanksgiving are mingled; sorrow for our great, our irreparable loss—thanksgiving for what our departed President was permitted to accomplish; and while we unite, as we already have, in prayer to God for His mercy, and in praise for His loving-kindness, we may not omit our heart-felt tribute to the memory of the honored dead. Yet, though the occasion and the terms of the proclamation thus command the theme that will engage our attention, I should shrink from the part allotted to me in the conduct of these services, did I suppose that, in any great degree, their interest depended upon the novelty or freshness of the thoughts that are to be presented. As it is, the eloquence of the subject and the unison of our hearts render my task comparatively easy. That we may, however, secure at least the semblance of a line of thought, I have chosen a text that suggests more particularly a single aspect of the character of Abraham Lincoln.

The Psalmist, speaking of David, as chosen by God and taken from the sheep-folds to occupy the throne, adds, as the highest eulogy upon the king: "So he fed them according to the integrity of his heart; and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands." The work of the sovereign was made successful by his qualities as a man. He was no mere figure-head to the state—the apex of a constitutional pyramid—he made himself

felt as a *man*, and guided the people by his personal influence, impressing upon the national life his own qualities of integrity and righteousness, and leaving the mark of his skillful hands upon all the acts of the people.

How far may we apply these words to the man whom we mourn to-day? In other words, how much may we venture to claim for the *personal influence* of Lincoln?

It is to be remembered that many men, who have attracted a large share of the attention of their generation, have been yet almost devoid of any of that influence that springs directly from the personal qualities of mind or heart. A man may be the executive of a great nation and, as such, be known and feared; he may be the mouth-piece of a formidable power, and so be honored with every mark of deference and respect; and yet, after all, be only the puppet or plaything of more influential minds that govern him. The majority of the kings who have held the sceptre and worn the purple, have been merely names upon the page of history—men of straw, who, by a sort of historic fiction, are said to have accomplished certain acts.

Not such was Abraham Lincoln. His signet is upon the pages of history, and his *personal* influence as distinguished from his official importance can not be overlooked or denied.

Such influence manifests itself in two ways. Our text reads: "He fed them according to the integrity

of his heart; and he guided them by the skillfulness of his hands." The moral influence of his character nurtured and transformed the people, while at the same time he skillfully made his own hand manifest in guiding their eternal fortunes.

Let us, in speaking of Lincoln, take the second of these thoughts first.

I. Our first question, then, is this: Can we find, deeply graven upon the *events* of the last four years, the marks of the personal influence of the man?

I am not of the number of those who believe that the great events of history spring primarily from the enthusiasm, will, or abilities of the men who are the chief actors in their progress. Under God's direction, the history of man passes on from century to century; and, if we read it aright, we find that it portrays a constant progress. Each in its own place, for example, appear the successive discoveries in the arts and the sciences, and as the world was ripe for them, it would not have waited long, though Copernicus, or Faust, or Watt, or Newton, had died in infancy.

So, too, Rome would have been mistress of the world, Cæsar or no Cæsar. The German empire would have exerted a commanding influence in the middle ages, though Charlemagne had never been born, nor, seven centuries later, Charles V. ascended the throne. Doubtless the papacy would have become supreme, even if Hildebrand had died an undistinguished monk; and the sixteenth century would have witnessed the

reformation, though the "son of the Thuringian miner" had been elevated to the See of Rome. And yet, every one of these great hinges upon which the destiny of the world has swung, goes into history bearing the mark, the sign-manual of him whom God selected for the forging.

In modern times, more than ever before, it is true that no one man is necessary. In a sense that earlier ages never knew, nations and peoples move first, and then, the action having begun, they install as leader the man whom the circumstances evoke. Yet, just as surely now as ever, the mark of the chosen man is upon the grand result. If he be insufficient, or, in any regard, unworthy, he may for a while dam up and delay the progress; but soon the hindered waves gather new head, and, rushing on, sweep him away or cast him stranded upon the bank. But if he prove worthy of his high vocation, then the whole movement is in a measure swayed and directed according to the influence of his master-mind.

God rules the world in the interests of the Church of His eternal Son, and to this end every great event tends; but still as God and man work together, every step is marked with the human foot-print of the great men whom He uses as His agents, or whom He permits for a while to struggle in hopeless conflict against them.

And thus it is with recent events in our own country.

For my part, I have always believed, what the re-

sult seems now to have proved, that our statesman was right, who announced that upon this continent there was an "*irrepressible conflict*," which, in the nature of things, must go on, until one side or the other was completely vanquished. It was not Calhoun and his fellow-advocates of slavery and State rights, nor was it intemperate and premature abolitionists that made the conflict. The necessity was in the nature of the circumstances in which this country found itself, and in the exigencies of Christian progress and advancing civilization, brought into conflict with old and moribund theories. Yet these men gave it shape and brought it to the issue.

So, emphatically, of the administration of affairs during the last four years.

The London *Spectator* speaks of Lincoln as "the village-lawyer whom, by some divine inspiration or providence, the republican caucus of 1860 substituted for Mr. Seward as their nominee for the President's chair." That is exactly it.

The same God, who in the last century could have done without a Washington, if He had so chosen, was pleased to give us, in our extremity, a second Washington whose personal influence should enter into His plans as one of the elements of their success.

We need not, like the historian Gibbon, flippantly speculate what would be the various results at important crises, did some accident prevent certain men reaching certain positions. When God has need of a man in any place, He sees that he gets there; and thus

it was when, in 1860, we, doubting and fearing, cast our ballots. Then, while many conscientiously voted to no purpose, the most that any of us can say is, that we felt it to be better to grasp an uncertainty that might prove a blessing, than to commit ourselves to what we knew revolted our moral sense. But now we all know that we were intrusting the interests of the country to a hand strong enough to leave its mark upon them.

While events were in progress, it was sometimes querulously said, that in no sense did this man guide and shape their course, but, on the other hand, was directed and driven by them. We begin now to understand just how far this was true. Doubtless he was not their *cause*. It has been very truly said, for example, in reference to his treatment of slavery, that "he was chosen as men usually are, to do that which he was most fearful of doing—not because he did not see that it was a great work—but because he only very gradually opened his eyes to its being a work in which he, with his defined duties, had a right to meddle." But, nevertheless, the movement is indelibly impressed with his characteristics.

So, too, it is true that he never assumed the airs or issued the mandates of a despot. The American people in the latter half of the nineteenth century neither want nor need a Cæsar, a Charlemagne, a Napoleon, nor, I think I may add, a Cromwell or a Jackson.

But he was "*influenced* by events" !

There are two ways for a navigator to be influenced

by winds and tides. He may either stand with his hands by his side and with mouth closed, and drift, drift aimlessly and idly, or he may study the winds and tides, and so direct his course that instead of vainly battling them, they may be made the very cause of his swift and safe progress.

The poor old man who preceded Lincoln, was satisfied that he could not still the raging waves and hush the rising gale, and so nothing could be done but *drift*.

Lincoln, sublime in his humble faith, determined that, with the help of the Almighty, the swelling surges and howling storm should all be so used that they should become grand and God-like powers to insure the safety and the speedy accomplishment of the voyage.

Take it for all in all, and no man has ever so read the heart of the American people. He stood, as it were, listening for the judgment of the nation, and had the wisdom from amid the discordant clamor of many advisers to distinguish what was truly the "voice of the people," and thus in some sense, at least, the "voice of God." There have been times when he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober, but that was because he knew the people better than they knew themselves, and they understood it and responded in November last, with an acclamation that rung all over the world and awakened answering echoes even among the incredulous rulers across the sea.

If it be necessary to speak more specifically, I would

direct you to two or three particulars in which this personal power has been very apparent :

1. He was never even accused of being unduly influenced by any one confidential adviser. During his administration there was no suspicion of a king behind the throne. He gathered around him men as wise and as good, upon the whole, as have graced any administration since the days of Washington, and he counselled with them freely, and yet there was no kitchen cabinet. He gave his confidence to one General after another, and admitted them to most intimate familiarity, and yet no one remained in command after it became evident that another could better fill his place.

Now this, which would be remarkable in the case of any chief-magistrate, becomes unparalleled when we consider that Lincoln's life had been previously almost entirely that of a private citizen, and remember his peculiarly amiable and gentle characteristics.

2. Be it remembered that in no important particular was he ever obliged to retrace his steps.

Some have thought that he moved slowly, but he certainly moved surely. Particularly was this true with reference to his dealing with the question of questions—Slavery. Every kind of criticism, sometimes of the most virulent and vituperative kind, was made upon his every act in relation to this. Extreme and hasty men abused his slowness. Old-school and ultra-conservative men abused his meddling. But regardless of both, he moved steadily forward, as he believed God and the American people willed that

he should, and I presume that very few now doubt the wisdom of a course that has never, thus far, needed to be revised or corrected.

3. We see the force of his personal influence upon events in the fact that, little by little, the American people grew into the habit of trusting him implicitly.

It has become a proverb among the monarchists of Europe that Republics are both fickle and ungrateful ; and we freely admit that it is characteristic of this nation—at least, as represented by its public prints—to rush into enthusiastic extremes of admiration and condemnation, often at very short notice, and with very little reason. In the earlier years of the war, more than one general was greeted with shouts of applause as certainly about to be the “young Napoleon,” who would bring the contest to a triumphant end ; and then, after doing quite as well as any one had any reasonable ground for expecting, dismissed from popular favor, and consigned to an oblivion as profound as undeserved.

And in regard to the presidential office, so fond were many of change, or, as they would have expressed it, “trying a new hand,” that what was called the “*one-term principle*” was dignified, for the occasion, into an article of political faith. Yet, in spite of all these popular characteristics and adverse circumstances, Abraham Lincoln grew steadily in the confidence and affection of the American people.

Had his term of office, like that of the Premier of England, depended upon popular favor, it is possible

that within the first two years he would have been displaced ; but, by the article of our Constitution, we were obliged to give him four years ; and before that period elapsed, the mind of the people, which had vibrated and wavered between distrust and confidence, settled down into a confirmed belief that resulted in his enthusiastic reëlection to a second term of office.

Such a result could never have been effected, had he not impressed himself upon us as a *power* personally—a power acting upon the momentous events which were passing into history. We *felt* his presence and his influence, even though we could not always analyze and describe it, and the result proved that that which in us was for the most part a divinely given instinct, was the true dictate of the sublimest political wisdom.

After his reëlection, only five short months were needed for his work to culminate and close, yet the judgment of the world reëffirms the truth of the eloquent words which fell from the lips of the historian of America, when called upon to soothe and encourage the hearts of his fellow-countrymen as they returned, weeping, from following the bier of Lincoln through the streets of New-York.*

* “ But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the Government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them ; that when he went to Washington, the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the Republic on a solid foundation ; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged ; that the Capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free ; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and in a

II. Thus far, we have been considering the influence of Lincoln upon the events amid which he lived and moved; but there is another balance in which his character, like that of every other man, must be weighed. There is a style of influence greater than that which sways cotemporary events, and we must ask of every great man, What lasting *moral* impression does he make upon his country and upon the world?

It is in this regard, for the most part, that we are able to give the philosopher or the statesman his true place, as compared with the victorious soldier. The latter may dazzle the eyes of the world, and seem to be the master-spirit of his age; but it is quite possible that the former, in the seclusion of almost private life, may be framing laws or shaping principles of philosophy that will change the whole course of history long after the great ocean of time has closed and ceased to ripple over the brilliant deeds of the apparent conqueror. Plato and Aristotle have done more for the world than Philip and Alexander.

We come, then, to our second question, and ask,

great measure held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a Republic between slave States and free, and now the foolish words are blown away for ever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss, threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was rising into undefinable proportions, now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away, the country is cast into a different mould, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope, for ever."—BANCROFT.

What shall we conclude of the *moral* influence of Abraham Lincoln?

Has he, in the words of our text, "*fed them according to the integrity of his heart*"?

Necessarily, what we remark in reference to this is more speculative in character, and may not win the assent of all. Though "we have been making history," as Winthrop said, "hand over hand," we are not yet far enough removed from the actual presence of Lincoln to know just how lasting will be his influence upon the hearts of men. All the signs of the times, however, unite in telling us:

1. That the influence of his official life will be long felt in the moral character of our *political* principles.

Consider, for a moment, whither our politics, so-called, had been drifting. Degenerating from the times of Jefferson, and that, too, more and more rapidly every year, they were fast debasing the noble word "*politician*" into an appellative for a smart, brazen-faced demagogue, who sought public office for his own private advantage. Yet, so successfully had the wheels of republican government rolled along for half a century, that honest men, thoroughly given up to the pursuit of their own private ends and the cultivation of private virtues, seemed to have forgotten that there might be an amount of selfishness and corruption in high office that would break up even as stable a government as ours. I give no political party credit for the election of Lincoln; for, although, by the blessing of God, the sound of the cannon awoke the people

just before ruin was complete, still the election antedates the awakening, and Lincoln was nominated, undoubtedly, just because he was supposed to be an available candidate. God's providence ordered it, that he was not only *that*, but also an *honest man*.

No one conceived the mighty issues that were being decided when, in 1860, we deposited our ballots; and when the unpolished, inexperienced "village lawyer" quietly took his place in the White House, the nation stood, as it were, agape, waiting to see what would come next, for, by this time, we began to realize that a storm was brewing.

Slowly but surely, it became evident that a new era had dawned in political life. No more concealed coalitions, no more pettifogging, no more truckling to the threats of bastard chivalry. The most momentous questions came before that simple, unaffected mind; and, to the astonishment of the people, the disgust of demagogues, and the dismay of traitors, every such question was brought to the simple test of honesty, straightforwardness, and equity.

What would be the result of such a strange and novel course? We began to fear that our new President would not shine in that favorite American characteristic, "*smartness*."

Mistakes, undoubtedly, this man made, and he was, by no means, careful always to conceal the working and the weighing that was taking place in his own mind while he was deciding upon any particular line

of action ; and this, at times, laid him open to severe criticism.

But, by and by, every one began to admit that honesty, simplicity, and frankness, were better arts in diplomacy than all the Machiavelism in the world. Then, as fast maturing events proved the wisdom of his conclusions, there arose a deep-rooted and abiding faith that he was just the man to represent a great democratic people. And now, I say, party traditions have been, in a great measure, swept aside. We have learned to distrust cunning and trickery ; and the influence of this man is not going to be forgotten in political circles for one generation at least.

Our political morals have been keyed-up to somewhere near a unison with the morals of private life. The American people have had a taste of honesty and morality in public life, and not only do they find it a success, but they thoroughly like its flavor, and for a while, at least, and I hope for ever, this new mode in politics will obtain.

Having seen the advantage and the glory of honesty and simplicity in high official position, can it be possible that the great mass of the people will ever again relapse into indifference to our public welfare, and so let the reins of power fall into the hands of unbalanced and self-seeking partisan leaders ?

2. It can not be but that the character and life of a man like Abraham Lincoln will always exert some such influence as that of Washington's upon the *young men and youth* who, in a few years, will give tone to

this country. And perhaps, in some respects, his influence may be more definite and effective than that of Washington.

Our first great President has been honored almost with an apotheosis. As the "Father of his Country" he seems to be so encircled by a halo of grandeur that it is hard to measure him by the ordinary standards of men. It is, for example, somewhat difficult for us even to picture his social life, or to imagine him in the home circle, unbending from the dignified stateliness that seems to be his natural attribute.

Not so with Lincoln. "*A plain man of the people*," he called himself; and though he rose, step by step, to be almost the foremost man of all the world, he ever retained the same homely sympathy with common men and things around him, which brought him especially near to our hearts.

It is well for us to be able to show that, while the days of Tancred, the "mirror of chivalry," and of the Chevalier de Bayard have passed away, we still have men, who, though they count it no dishonor to work, and no disgrace to be found with hands somewhat rough, and with manners wanting in perfect polish, are still more truly "without fear and without reproach" than any knight of medieval chivalry; men who are grander in their characters and more worthy of reverence and imitation than all the heroes who have immortalized the "Round Table" or graced the "Idyls of a King." It was no affectation of respect that penned, in an English journal, such words as

these: "In all time to come, not among Americans only, but among all who think of manhood as more than rank, and worth above display, the name of Abraham Lincoln will be held in reverence. A life so true, rewarded by a dignity so majestic, was defense enough against the petty shafts of malice, which party spirit, violent enough to light a civil war, aimed against him. The lowly callings he had first pursued became his titles to greater respect among those whose respect was worth having; the little external rusticities only showed more brightly, as the rough matrix the golden ore, the true dignity of his nature. A purity of thought, word, and deed never challenged, a disinterestedness never suspected, an honesty of purpose never impugned, a gentleness and tenderness that never made a private enemy or alienated a friend—these are qualities which may well make a nation mourn."*

If thus a foreigner regard our departed President, how great the shame to us if we be not, as a people, better and purer for the example that has shone so brightly in our midst!

Shall not our young men, remembering Lincoln, grow up with a truer estimate of the dignity and glory of simple, unadorned *manhood*?—that manhood which shines, not by the flaunting pretensions of entailed wealth and the gaudy tinsel of fictitious titles, but by deeds of usefulness, self-devotion, and honor.

3. Finally, let me mention his influence in that char-

* London *Daily News*, April 27, 1865.

acter in which he most impresses the world—that is, as the *representative man of democracy*, the incarnation, as it were, of the success of the principles of republican government. Great as he appears in the purity and honesty of his life, lasting as will be his fame as the chosen Emancipator, I believe that, at this moment, he impresses the world most as being the grand exponent of the result of that experiment which, for nearly a century, has been progressing upon this continent.

Our forefathers felt, more than we have done, the gravity of their decision when, in spite of the many failures which the world had witnessed, they determined to inaugurate republicanism as the life of the new nation. True, like almost all thoughtful men, they were convinced that in theory no government was so perfect and equable as a democratic. They felt that it was a solemn and indisputable truth, that all men were born free and equal, but they were just as conscious that, in the imperfect state of human nature, and in consideration of past experience, it was by no means certain that the age had come in which the ideally perfect form would be the best for practical security. Washington is said to have asserted, that republican institutions were upon trial; and Adams, writing of the Constitution of the Senate and the Executive, used these impressive and foreboding words: "I contend that hereditary descent in both, when controlled by an independent representation of the people, is better than corrupted, turbulent, and bloody elections; and the

knowledge you have of the human heart will concur with your knowledge of the history of nations to convince you that elections of Presidents and Senators can not be long conducted in a populous, opulent, and commercial nation, without corruption, sedition, and civil war."

Just about the same time the great experiment in France utterly failed, and Napoleon, who seized the reins of government, characterized a constitution without an aristocracy as nothing but a "balloon drifting in the air." "You can direct a vessel," he said, "because you have two forces to balance against each other, and the rudder finds a point of resistance. But the balloon is the sport of a single force; it has no counter force. The wind carries it along, and direction is impossible."

Such was the general opinion and the anxiety of thoughtful minds; and during the ninety years of the existence of this nation, it has been watched with eager eyes by its enemies, constantly looking for the crash which their blatant prophecies foretold; and it has been followed in its course by the ceaseless anxiety of its friends, who have had too much reason to see in the tyranny of an unexampled material prosperity, and in fast increasing political corruption, the signs of growing selfishness, decaying patriotism, and approaching dissolution.

The great issue to be decided was whether the widespread facilities for education and for the enlightenment of the masses would take effect in time to trans-

form ignorance and vice (constantly increasing by immigration) into enlightenment and purity before they became impudent enough to aspire to the direction of affairs. In other words, was the world old enough for the educating power of republicanism to conquer the inherent selfishness and wickedness of human nature, which hitherto had been curbed only by the strong hand of power?

Years passed away, and still the struggle was going on. On the one side, the Brights and the Cobdens could say: "The Republic still lives, and her prosperity is unprecedented." On the other side, the Roebucks and the Derbys would reply: "Yes; but the machinery works harder and harder every year. The politicians are becoming more and more corrupt, party spirit more and more virulent. Wait a little! The crash will soon come."

At last these sneerers shouted out in exulting derision. Democracy had, at length, reached its acme—produced its "bright consummate flower." It had chosen as its Chief Magistrate, not one of its Winthrops, its Adamsses, its Everetts, of the North, nor one of the representatives of the first families of the chivalry of the South, but a vulgar, awkward, half-educated Western lawyer, who, in his youth, had been a rail-splitter and a flat-boatman.

A little later, and stupendous rebellion raised its black flag. Then the whole thing was settled. "*The Republican bubble has burst at last.*" That was the phrase that just met the occasion.

Four years have passed away. The world sees, with admiring awe, that the "Republican bubble" has not burst; but, on the other hand, that a democracy has proved itself the strongest government in the world, and its citizens more self-denying in their loyalty than any subjects of a king ever dreamed of being possible.

But this is not all. The world has learned the true character of him at whom they scoffed and sneered. They derided him as the acknowledged exponent of democracy, and, *as such*, they are now bound to accept him. And what is their verdict in regard to him whom they thus denominated? He has conquered their prejudices, he has won their admiration, yes, even their love, and now they can hardly find words to speak the full measure of their praise. It was before his death so deeply touched their feelings and called forth their better nature, that a writer referring to the last inaugural, and doubtless reflecting the sentiment of all candid Englishmen, remarked: "We can no longer detect the rude and illiterate mould of a village lawyer's thought, but find it replaced by a grasp of principle, a dignity of manner, and a solemnity of purpose, which would have been unworthy neither of Hampden nor of Cromwell, while his gentleness and generosity of feeling toward his foes are almost greater than we should expect from either of them."*

Now, I say, that a democratic country may well be proud of such a man—a thorough American, born and

* London *Spectator*, March 25, 1865.

nurtured amid our institutions, educated, under their influence, exposed to the same trials, hampered by the same drawbacks, beset by the same temptations, destined to the same struggles, which meet the great mass of our fellow-countrymen, and yet manifesting that there is nothing in all these that can prevent the formation of a character as lofty and a patriotism as pure as ever challenged the admiration of man.

He is ours—*ours alone*. No foreign university had aught to do with his training. No aristocratic circles are to be thanked for the simple dignity of his bearing. No intimacy with the courts of kings taught him the arts of skilled diplomacy. And thus, I say, his life is a pledge of the success and ennobling power of pure democratic institutions.

It is enough to give eternal dignity to any country to have produced two such men as WASHINGTON and LINCOLN—men differing in almost every personal quality, but alike in their moral grandeur, and in representing each the very best product of the age in which he lived. WASHINGTON was the connecting link between the Monarchy and the Republic, the father of a new-born democracy; LINCOLN was the son of the Republic and the exemplar of its matured strength. WASHINGTON guided and guarded his people as the father leads the child; LINCOLN listened to the heart-throbs of his fellow-citizens, and timed his own pulse to the solemn august music. WASHINGTON shone in that courtly dignity that impresses and awes the bystander;

LINCOLN in that homely kindness that won the confidence of every honest man.

To WASHINGTON his country will ever pay the tribute of reverent homage; the memory of LINCOLN will be enshrined in every true and loving heart.

I have but a word to add. It is given to but few to serve their country in their death as truly as in their life. It is hard to say what more, Lincoln *living* might have consecrated to his country, but God ordained that, by his *death*, every doubt in regard to the future of this nation should be swept away.

It matters little what costly mausoleums or monumental shafts we rear to his memory. To the eye of the world his monument will be the *Republic*, freed from the stain of slavery and united by indissoluble bonds; North and South claiming as their common heritage the simple grave where the hallowed dust of ABRAHAM LINCOLN awaits the coming of the Lord.



